

VENUS AND VICTORY.

New Treasures of the Louvre Inscribed on American Women.

A New York woman, an art lover, is spending her first season in Paris, and how some of the old world art is seen through her new world eyes she tells in a recent letter:

"To the new world comes among the art treasures of this part of the old world, it is the marble rather than the paintings to which the soul responds. With the first headless man, whose flash still throbs after hundreds of years through the draped masses of her thin Grecian robe, is established a bond which strengthens with almost every step through the marble lined Galerie of the Palais de Louvre. It is a bond that grows with the freedom and promise of the 'Winged Victory' and the fulfillment of the 'Venus of Milo'."

"No statue in all the world perhaps stands so irresistibly for the message of womanhood as does this 'Venus.' From her beautiful throat, her nobly set head and her sweet and gracious mouth to her yielding but perfectly poised body and her finely set feet she speaks woman—the love, beauty, honor, sincerity, protection, fulfillment of true womanhood. As you look through a long vista of marble set halls and for the first time see the 'Venus' awaiting you at the end with her calm, hopeful smile, and as she draws nearer, until for a moment to the salon reserved in simple entirety for her breathing self, you know that she has been waiting for you through the centuries, and that to see her is why you have come all across the miles of sea and land."

"She breathes and smiles as you look at her, and her eyes that have been telling their secret for ages look into yours and bid you read. They tell you that the hand of her fashioner, some young, hopeful enthusiast, some inspired master of his loved art, put, all unknown perhaps, his very heart into this master creation of early Greece and of the whole world. What matters though he be unknown? To see the 'Venus' is to know that he has not lived in vain since it is his heart, speaking through time and the half century that she has dwelt among us, that has won the homage of every one coming under her spell."

"From one of the grand staircases of the Louvre, where she is set as its crown, the 'Winged Victory' flings her message of promise—the promise of which this age is coming to be the forerunner. As you come face to face with the glorious and sweeping lines of this noble figure you are conscious that it is she who has set the keynote of the times which are among us, the keynote of personal liberty. As the 'Venus' stands for the fullness of life, the 'Victory' stands now, as she did even in her centuries before the Christ, for the very breath of the liberty of effort which shall lead to fulfillment. She bids you hope and strive; the 'Venus' whispers of peace at the end."—New York Times.

THE CHINESE BUY OUR "SANG."

The Herb Dug by Amelia River-Chandler's Tails Goes to China.

"There is quite a trade in ginseng," said the broker. "We export it to China, for the people of that country have a profound faith in its efficacy. It seems to be a curative with them. It is an old woman's remedy here—no one considers it as of any value, but the Chinese think differently. That which comes from Manchuria is esteemed better than ours; but, then, they take all we send gladly enough. No European nation sends any."

"The crop begins to arrive in June and keeps on coming till frost destroys the tops. We use the roots, and I believe they say the more forked they are the better. The last crop consisted of about a quarter of a million of pounds."

"Yes, it is growing scarce, for in the search the 'sang diggers' are exterminating it. Since I have been in the business—say, in 20 years—the price has risen from 80 cents per pound to \$4. The plant grows in moist woods—in leaf mold—in every state east of the Rocky mountains. You have read a good deal about the 'sang diggers' of the North Carolina mountains, but there are people just like them at work within a hundred miles of the city—men, women and children, who find their work materially helps in getting a living."

"A man up in Onondaga county, in this state, has begun cultivating it, but at present he is giving his attention more to producing seed and urging others to cultivate it than producing the roots for market. He is an enthusiast on the subject."—New York Press.

Notes.

A resident of Cincinnati who knew Sousa, the bandmaster, when he was a boy in Washington, says: "His mother was a German and his father a Spaniard, and though they had other children Mrs. Sousa would always talk of 'my Chonny' as if he was the only one. Chonny had every whim gratified. He wanted a piano, and got it; a violin, and got it; a drum, got it; a horn, got it. His parlor was like a music store. He played everything with ease. He was at first a drummer boy in the army, but later got charge of the Marine band, whether by influence or merit I do not know. That gave him room to develop, and he did to an amazing extent."

He Was Fussy.

Tough Customer—How much are your neckties?
Clerk—A quarter, 50 cents, 75 and a dollar.

Tough Customer—See here, young fellow, the sign outside says that this is a one price store. Now, don't you think you can bunk me! G'day—see!—Roxbury Gazette.

At the Outlook.

"You say her marriage was a failure?"
"Well, I don't know what else to call it. Not half the people who were invited came."—Detroit Tribune.

Addison had regular and quite pleasing features, unmarked by disputation.

The Blackstone river, in Rhode Island, was named in honor of Rev. William Blackstone, an Episcopal clergyman and early settler. The Indians called it Paw-tucket, "the forks."

Handkerchiefs first came into notice in England during the reign of Elizabeth.

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

A COMEDY.

They parted with clasped hands

And kissed and burning tears.

After some twenty years—

Met as everlastingly meet.

Smiling, tranquil eyes.

Not even the least little bent

Of the least upon either side.

They chatted of this and that.

The nothings that make up life.

She in a faintly enough had

And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!

Neither was hurt, it appears.

Yet once she had kissed to his kiss.

And once he had known her tears.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL.

The Great Structure Erected by Order of Philip II of Spain.

The Escorial, built by Philip II between 1563 and 1584, was called "the eighth wonder of the world," says a special correspondent of the Boston Herald. It was at once a temple, a palace, a treasury, a tomb and a museum. That is to say, all these were included in the huge building which Philip erected on the slopes of a spur of the Guadarrama range, 22 miles northwest of Madrid. The builder's object was to carry out the will of his father, Charles V, by constructing a royal burial place, and also to fulfill a vow he had made during the battle of St. Quentin, when he implored the aid of St. Lorenzo, on whose day (Aug. 10, 1557) the battle was fought.

The edifice stands about 3,000 feet above the sea, facing the mountains, with its back toward Madrid. It is a rectangular parallelogram, 740 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. On the east side is an advanced portico which breaks the facade. This gave rise to the vulgar impression that Philip's idea was to make the building in the shape of a gridiron, an allusion to the manner of St. Lorenzo's martyrdom, he having been broiled to death on a slow fire in the reign of the Roman Emperor Valerianus, A. D. 261. There seems to be no other ground for the fanciful invention.

The building covers 800,000 square feet of land, or nearly 12 acres. It has 16 courtyards, 56 staircases, 15 cloisters, 85 chapels and 8,000 feet of painted fresco. The church, which occupies less than a sixth of the whole space, is 320 feet long, 230 feet wide and 320 feet high to the top of the cupola. The redeeming qualities of the enormous structure are size, simplicity and situation. It seems to be a part of the mountain on the slope of which it rises. It still looks grand even among mountain buttresses. Otherwise, it disappears. Its architecture has little in form or color to commend it. It lacks the prestige of antiquity, and it does not express any religious sentiment. It might be a vast manufactory. Its cold granite walls, blue slates, leaden roofs and small windows give it a commonplace appearance.

Of course it is now little more than a skeleton of what it was. The living monks who swarmed in its courts are here no longer. The revenues on which they lived have been taken away. The French soldiers stole and carried away many of its golden ornaments in 1808. Its best pictures have been removed to Madrid. The building has suffered from neglect, exposed to hurricanes and winter snows. Better care has been taken of it in later years. It is now used as a seminary, where about 200 youths receive a secular education.

PRaise YOUR WIFE.

Say to Her the Pleasant Things You Say to Other Women.

"How do I look?" asked a young wife who stood before her husband dressed to attend a party with him.

He raised his eyes from the paper he was reading, looked at her critically and said:

"All right. You'll do."

Her heart sank, and her lips quivered, but he did not know it. She was conscious of looking her best, and she wanted a word of praise, of admiration, from her husband, and she failed to receive it.

Why was he so grudging of his praise? Ask the average man who answers his wife in that way when she asks his opinion, as she invariably does, and he will tell you that she always looks well—dressed in good taste and above criticism. But why doesn't he say that to her, or rather why does he not make a little lovinglike speech for such an occasion? Even the coarsest remarks he would bestow on the costume of an ordinary acquaintance are withheld from his own wife.

There was a husband—he is dead now—who used to say to his wife, "My dear, you are looking charming this evening," or, "I love you best in that blue dress of yours." He was a poor stick of a man in the way of worldly success, but his widow counseled him for just those loving tributes, given to her with a lover's deference after many years of wedded life.

"Oh," said a disappointed woman, "I would like to be a man just to show what a good husband I could be."—Detroit Free Press.

British "Red Coats."

We never think of her majesty's soldiery as being attired in other than red coats and brass buttons, but there was a time when the regulation uniform of British soldiers was entirely different from what it is today. In the time of Henry VIII the colors worn by the army were green and white; later on, white, with a red cross on the breast. The first mention of the "red coats," which were so detested by the American patriots of Revolutionary times, is found in a circular letter by Edward, earl of Derby. It bears date of 1547, and is to the effect that "hereafter all foot and light horse soldiers will appear in a red coat made in cassock fashion."—St. Louis Republic.

Words In Use.

An expert in philology has computed that, with 1,000 words, an ordinary man can say everything that is really essential, and of these he commonly uses only 400 or 500, reserving the remainder for extraordinary occasions, when some idea out of his usual line of thinking occurs to him.

The Smaller the Costlier.

Mrs. Hayson—What is the price of that bonnet over there?
The Milliner—Just \$18.
Mrs. Hayson—What will it be if you cut that ugly piece of ribbon off the side?
The Milliner—Only \$30.—Chicago Record.

Bismuth was first separated and distinguished as a metal by Agricola, the famous chemist and scientist, in 1539.

An Advertisement

IN

The Southwest Sentinel

IS

Sure to Bring Good Results,

Because:

It has the Largest Circulation of any News paper in Grant County. Its news columns always contain the latest items of interest of a local and general character.

Our Facilities for Executing

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Are not surpassed by any office in the southwest. Our prices are as low as first-class work will permit. Send in your orders.

EATING AND EATERS.

IT IS NOT GOOD FORM TO DO MORE THAN TASTE AND SIP.

If Invited to a Smart Dinner, Dine Before You Go—New Dinner and Banquets of Fabulous Cost Are Got Up and Served by Caterers.

An American author and musician told a queer little story the other day that ran like this:

"Went to the opera; sat in a box with two ladies and three men; social leaders; very swell; felt out of place; heard nothing but talk and chatter; missed all the singing and music; after the opera, supper at the Waldorf; expected that, of course; went prepared—very hungry; all the dainties of the season on the table but nobody ate; wine in abundance, all drinking; more talk and gossip; wouldn't eat alone, so starved; not polite to eat nowadays, I'm told; proper to nuzzle along, taste a morsel and talk; don't like it; no more fashionable supper for me!"

Another man, an habitual diner out, remarked:

"I invariably eat my dinner at home before going out to dine. Nobody thinks of eating at a public dinner nowadays. It is the height of ill breeding! At private dinners with ladies he who eats is voted a bore. He must sip and taste and talk; that's all that is expected of him. If I didn't eat at home I'd starve to death."

Perhaps something in recent years has altered the belief that the nearest way to a man's heart is down his throat. Hosts used to feed their guests to put them in good humor, to make their visit agreeable. Everybody at the table ate and drank and all went merrily.

Better dinners than those provided today the world never saw, but they are not eaten. New York dinners are superior in many respects to those of any other city in the world. The people have money and are willing to pay for the best the market affords, and there is no doubt that the New York market is unsurpassed. There are more refinements, too, at an American entertainment than elsewhere, more variety. Still it is well to dine at your own table before going to the house of a fashionable friend. At the latter you are expected to entertain, not to partake of what is set before you. Leave that to the servants or to the caterer. Rich folk used to have their own servants prepare the dinner when guests were expected, but nowadays everything is left to the caterer. It is so much less trouble, you know. Why worry for days arranging a dinner for a dozen or two of one's friends when it can be better done by the caterer? We have plenty of caterers. Some have grown rich and grand on the feast and banquet given by the fashionable set.

When a millionaire wants to give a dinner he sends for his favorite, tells him the number of guests expected, advances a few ideas on the general style of the entertainment, names the day and hour, and says, "I leave everything to you." The menu is submitted, and, if satisfactory, both as to price and dishes, the preparation goes on.

The entire dinner is prepared at the establishment of the caterer, after which, on the day appointed, it is carefully packed in hamper and boxes and conveyed to the house where it is to be eaten. Most private homes are fitted with excellent ranges, and on them the caterer's chefs do the cooking. Positively nothing is left to the home cook.

The caterer takes entire charge of the kitchen. He could not be responsible for the dinner otherwise. The dining room also is turned over to him, for the dinner itself is scarcely more important than the arrangement of the table or tables. Certain unwritten rules are followed in this respect. When there are less than 20 persons they are usually seated at one large table, rectangular or round; but when that number is exceeded it is the custom to use small tables, and they can be better served. Six persons to a table is the rule. The expansion of society in New York in the last 12 years has been very great, and the size of the private dinner has increased enormously. It used to be considered a big thing to have 10 or 12 guests, but now it is common enough to have from 20 to 30. Where receptions a few years ago numbered from 300 to 400 guests, they now number from 600 to 1,000.

The cost of a dinner depends on the wines and flowers. An excellent dinner can be served for, say, 20 persons at \$10 a plate, the flowers will cost about \$15, and the wines from \$4 to \$15 a head. At Mrs. Astor's famous hall, in the winter of 1890-91, the finest entertainment ever given, the wines on the upper table were very select. Her Steinberger Cellaret cost \$18 a bottle.

The dinner to Charles O'Connor was one of the finest ever given in this city. It was managed by Sam Ward and cost over \$50 a plate. The menus alone cost \$6 apiece. The decorations were most elaborate, the tables being literally covered with rare flowers. The wines were the costliest that could be had. Some of Sam Ward's priceless Madeira was handed around. The guests numbered 50.

The dinner to President Andrew Johnson on the occasion of his visit to New York, in 1865, cost \$100 a plate. Leland Stanford's dinner to Mrs. Grant, about Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

BACO-CURO. It will notify you when to stop and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew of smoke. It is a tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (30 days treatment and guaranteed cure), \$2.50. For sale by all druggists, or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proofs free.

Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HANSEN, Sup., St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 1, 1904. Eureka Chemical and Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis. Dear Sir:—I have been a tobacco user for many years, and during the past two years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, and my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being at least. I tried the so-called "Keweenaw," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago today I commenced using your preparation, and today I consider myself a new man. I am so glad to have found the remedy I have been seeking for so long, and I am sure it will be a great benefit to many others who are suffering from the same habit. I enclose you a check for \$2.50, and I am sure you will be glad to receive it. I am, Sir, very respectfully, Yours truly, C. W. HANSEN.

five years ago, owned a great deal of land all over the country. It was believed that the 18 guests ate from plates of gold and silver; that the tablecloth was edged with point d'arche lace; that under each wineglass there was a napkin of the same costly fabric, and under each finger bowl a Japanese mat that cost \$50, and that the terrapin were served in individual silver tureens.—New York Press.

TRICKING A CRAB.

African Natives Take Advantage of His Instincts in a Heavily Manner. In Africa there exists a certain member of the crab genus commonly known as the great tree crab. This peculiar shellfish has an offensive trick of crawling up the coconut trees, biting off the coconuts and then creeping down again backward.

The theory is that the nuts are shattered by the fall, and the great tree crab is thus enabled to enjoy a hearty meal. Now, the natives who inhabit regions infested by this ill conditioned crab are well aware that the lower portion of the crab's anatomy is soft and sensitive, and they believe that the "liver" was thus constructed in order that he might know when he had reached the ground, and when, consequently, he might with safety release his grasp of the trunk.

So what they do in order to stop his depredations, which often ruin the coconut crops, is this: While the crab is engaged in nipping off the coconuts they climb half way up the trees and there drive a row of long nails right around the tree, allowing an inch or so of the nails to project.

The crab has no knowledge of disaster, nor yet the fitness of things. As he descends the sensitive part of his body suddenly touches the nails. Thinking he has reached the ground, he naturally lets go. Instantly he falls backward and cracks his own shell on the ground.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"E Pluribus Unum."

The circumstances attending the adoption of the legend "E Pluribus Unum" as the motto of the United States have never been fully explained by the historians. It was probably used on coins—and some say upon early colonial flags—long before it was regularly recognized by the leading officials of the new republic. The oldest coin bearing the motto in full is a colonial cent coined by New Jersey in the year 1786. The same year it appeared on a small medal recognized among the collectors of coins as "the confederatio." This medal was a national token, I believe, and was coined by authority of the general government. It bore on one side 13 stars and a blazing sun, the latter surrounded by the word "Confederatio," which gives it the name by which it is known to the numismatists.

The words in the headline are undoubtedly from Virgil's "Mora," a poem devoted to a description of a certain salad! In the recipe he gives instructions for mixing the proper herbs and pounding the same in a mortar until the various colors blend as one. Some one has very appropriately said that "the colonies were mixed in the mortar of the Revolution and came out as one homogeneous nation."—St. Louis Republic.

98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of manna, whey, dilutions of hypophosphites and such like palliatives. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting these, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpassed in its curative power, preparation of any kind, all other remedies with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions and quinine, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of manna, whey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain. The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a series of 250 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BRANDS OF Southwest Cattlemen

W. S. RANCH.

P. O. Alma, Sonora County, N. M. Range, San Francisco River, Sonora County.

We claim all cattle and horses branded W S on left hip or side and 65 on both jaws. Underlips each ear.

Additional brand—on right shoulder. Horse brand—on left shoulder. Range on White water Creek.

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